I, that did euer in aboundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throwes of hell.

Enter his little ſonne, with a top and ſcourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot ſcourge my top as long as you ſtand ſo: you take vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh, you cannot make me affraid with this, I feare no vizards, nor bugbeares.

He takes vp the child by the skirts of his long coate in one hand, and drawes his dagger with the other.

Huſ. Vp ſir, for heere thou haſt no inheritance left.

Sonne. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boy. *ſtrikes him.*

Huſ. Thou ſhalt be my red boy, take that.

Son. Oh you hurt me father.

Huſ. My eldeſt beggar, thou ſhalt not liue to aske an vſurer bread, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow, good your Honor by a Coach, no, nor your brother: tis charity to braine you.

Son. How ſhall I learne, now my head's broke?

Hu. Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *ſtabs him.*
Be not thy names diſgrace:
Spurne thou thy fortunes firſt, if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond brother: Fates,
My children's bloud ſhall ſpin into your faces,
You ſhall ſee,
How confidently we ſcorne beggery.

Exit with his ſonne.

Enter a maid with a childe in her armes, the

Mother

Mother by her aſlepe.

M. Sleep ſweet babe, ſorrow makes thy mother ſleep,
It boades ſmall good when heauineſſe fals ſo deepe,
Huſh pretty boy, thy hopes might haue bene better,
Tis loſt at Dice, what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies away the Sonne:
Nothing but miſery ſerues in this houſe,
Ruine and deſolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the boy bleeding.

Huſ. Whore, giue me that boy.

he ſtriues with her for the childe.

Maid. Oh helpe, helpe, out alas, murder, murder.

Huſ. Are you goſſiping, prating ſturdy queane,
Ile breake your clamour with your neecke,
Downe ſtaires; tumble, tumble, headlong,

He throwes her downe.

So, the ſureſt way to charme a womans tongue,
Is breake her necke, a Polititian did it.

Son. Mother, mother, I am kild mother.

His wife awakes, and catcheth vp the youngeſt.

Wife. Ha, who's that cride? Oh me my children,
Both, both, both; bloudy, bloudy.

Huſ. Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wife. Oh my ſweete husband.

Huſ. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh what will you do deere husband?

Huſ. Giue me the baſtard.

wife. Your owne ſweete boy.

Huſ. There are too many beggers.